

10¢

BIG SHOT



SPARKY WATTS
WELCOMING
COMMITTEE

WELCOME
BACK TO EARTH,
SKYMAN!





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



**OH BOY! WAIT TILL THE GANG
SEES MY NEW REAL
PROFESSIONAL-LOOKING
FOOTBALL I GOT FOR
ONLY \$2.98
LOOKS LIKE A
REGULAR
\$10-\$12 BALL**

**Introductory
Offer**
Limited Time Only



**OFFICIAL SIZE
AND WEIGHT**

—FREE—
WITH FOOTBALL—
Sensational New
Aluminum Hand Air Pump
(the Kind You've Always Want-
ed) PLUS newest patent-
ed Inflating Needle.

ACT NOW—At this Amazing Low Price

Here's your golden opportunity to be the most popular guy in your gang. Now you can get this real, professional-looking big league football. Official size and weight, at the amazing low price of only \$2.98. Looks like a regular \$12 ball... the kind they use in the big games. Substantial, husky feel... broad, heavy lacing... simulated grained pig-skin leather cover. It's a ball you'll want to kick and pass around as soon as you lay your hands on it. And with your new football you get absolutely FREE, if you act now, a sensational, new, handy aluminum air pump (the kind you've always wanted) PLUS newest type patented inflating needle. When you get your football, try it out. Inflate with handy pump and inflating needle, and if you aren't 100% satisfied and sold on your amazing bargain, send football, pump and inflating needle back for immediate, cheerful refund. HURRY... NOW! Quantities strictly limited due to amazing low price of only \$2.98. Mail coupon today.

SEND NO MONEY... for this amazing offer. Simply send name and address on the handy coupon to A & L Football Co., P. O. Box 1198, Chicago 90, Ill. Your real professional-looking, big league football plus handy pump and inflating needle will be sent to you at once. Pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. and postal charges. **SATISFACTION ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK.**

Take advantage of this Amazing Sports Offer... Send for this real Official-looking Football... PLUS powerful Air Pump & Inflating Needle... only \$2.98! Rush your order to

A & L FOOTBALL CO., Dept. 52 P, P. O. Box 1198, Chicago 90, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please rush me amazing big league type football plus handy air pump and inflating needle that are mine FREE for acting now. I understand offer is limited due to restricted quantities. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus few cents C.O.D. and postal charges. I must be satisfied or money will be cheerfully refunded.

☐ Please send C.O.D. ☐ \$2.98 enclosed. You pay postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

Dept. 52-P

A & L FOOTBALL CO.,

P. O. BOX 1198, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

SPARKY WATTS

by
Boody
Daggers.

BAAA!

A-WAAA!

CRY! CRY!
THAT'S ALL THEY
DO!! STOP 'EM,
SPARKY, BEFORE
I GO BATTY!

S

PARKY AND DOC
TRIED TO SHRINK JUMBO FIGNIGGLE FROM GIANT SIZE TO REGULAR MAN SIZE,
BUT THEY SHRUNK HIM SO MUCH THAT HE'S A **BABY AGAIN!** THEN THEY
DISCOVERED COWBOY CHUCK WAGGIN UNDER JUMBO'S LEGGING--AND POOR
CHUCK WAS NO LARGER THAN A HUMMING BIRD---

--AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THEY
ACCIDENTALLY SHRUNK SLAP HAPPY'S
BRAIN BOX SMALLER THAN A PEANUT--

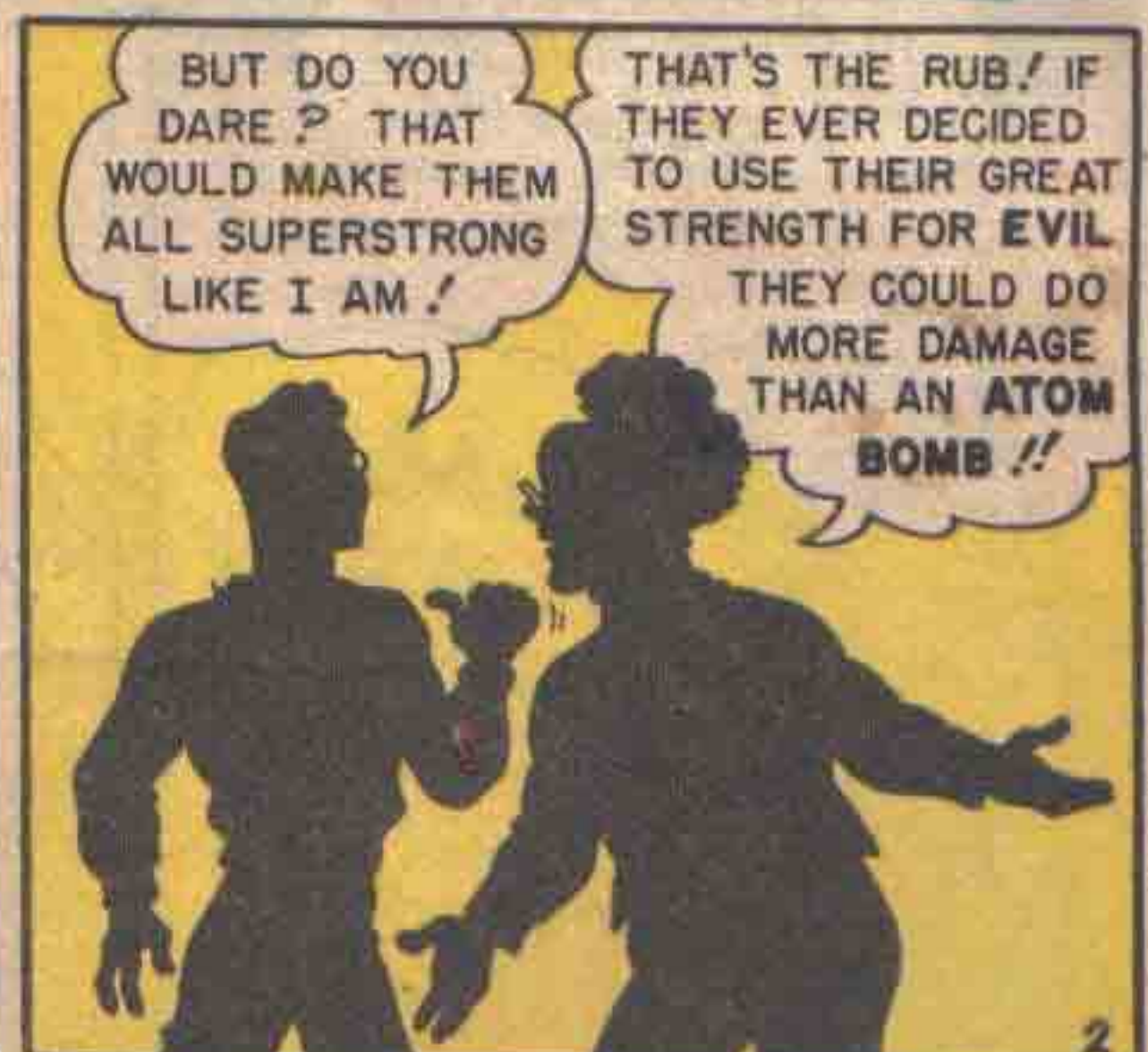
DON'T CRY, OLD PAL!
DOC AND I WILL TRY
TO EXPAND YOUR HEAD
BACK TO ITS NATURAL
SIZE!!

WAAA-
A-WAA!!

I CAN EXPAND ALL
OF THEM AGAIN WITH
MY **COSMIC RAY**
MACHINE--BUT--

SHHH!!
NOT SO LOUD,
DOC----I'VE
JUST ROCKED
CHUCK TO
SLEEP!

BIG SHOT



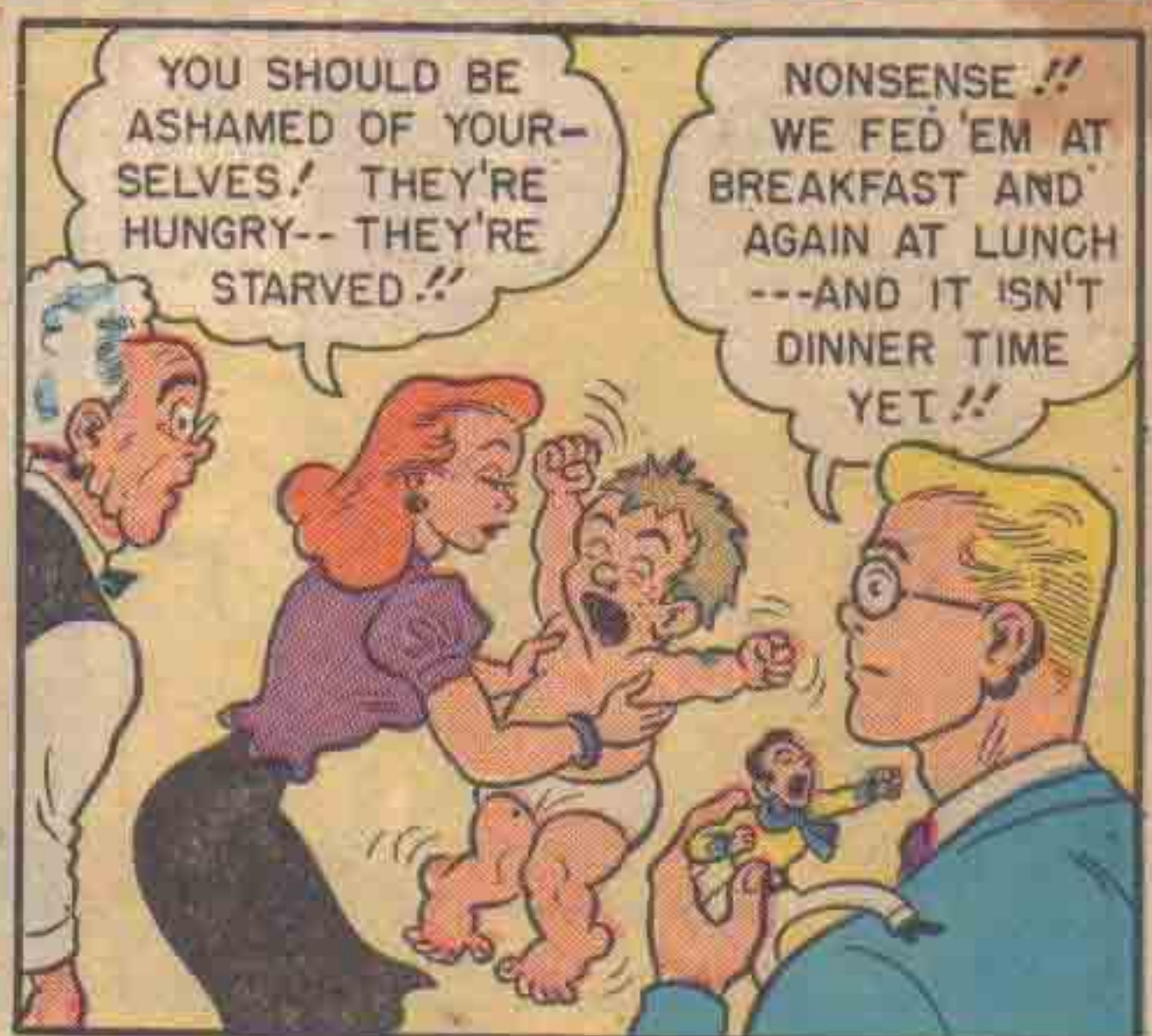
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



YOU'RE RIGHT, DIXIE--
PA IS HANDLING ALL THE MONEY IN "DUGAN DRESSES, INC." !



WELL — THE DUGANS ARE BROKE WHAT NOW?

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

WHAT A SCORE!
49 TO 49!
DOES PHIL'S LODGE
PLAY THIS CRAZY
BALL GAME EVERY
YEAR, MRS. FINN?

YES, FLOSSIE--THEY
HAVE A BEEFSTEAK
DINNER AT THE
LODGE AFTERWARDS
--AND THE LOSING
TEAM PAYS FOR IT!

PHIL WILL NEVER LIVE
THIS GAME DOWN, MICKEY!
HE PROMISED THE KIDS
HE'D MAKE A HOME RUN
FOR 'EM--AND HE HASN'T
EVEN HIT A FAINT FOUL!

I'M AFRAID HE WON'T
GET ANOTHER CHANCE
TO BAT, EITHER! IT
LOOKS AS THOUGH
THEY'RE GOING TO
CALL IT OFF ON ACCOUNT
OF DARKNESS!

IT'S GETTIN' SO DARK,
OKAY! BUT LET'S
THAT WE CAN HARDLY
FINISH THIS INNING!
SEE THE BALL, CLANCY!
LET'S CALL IT A TIE
GAME AND WE'LL ALL
GO FIFTY-FIFTY ON
THE DINNER!

THAT'S TWO DOWN
AND PHIL IS UP!
--IT'LL ONLY TAKE HIM
A MINUTE TO
STRIKE OUT!



BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

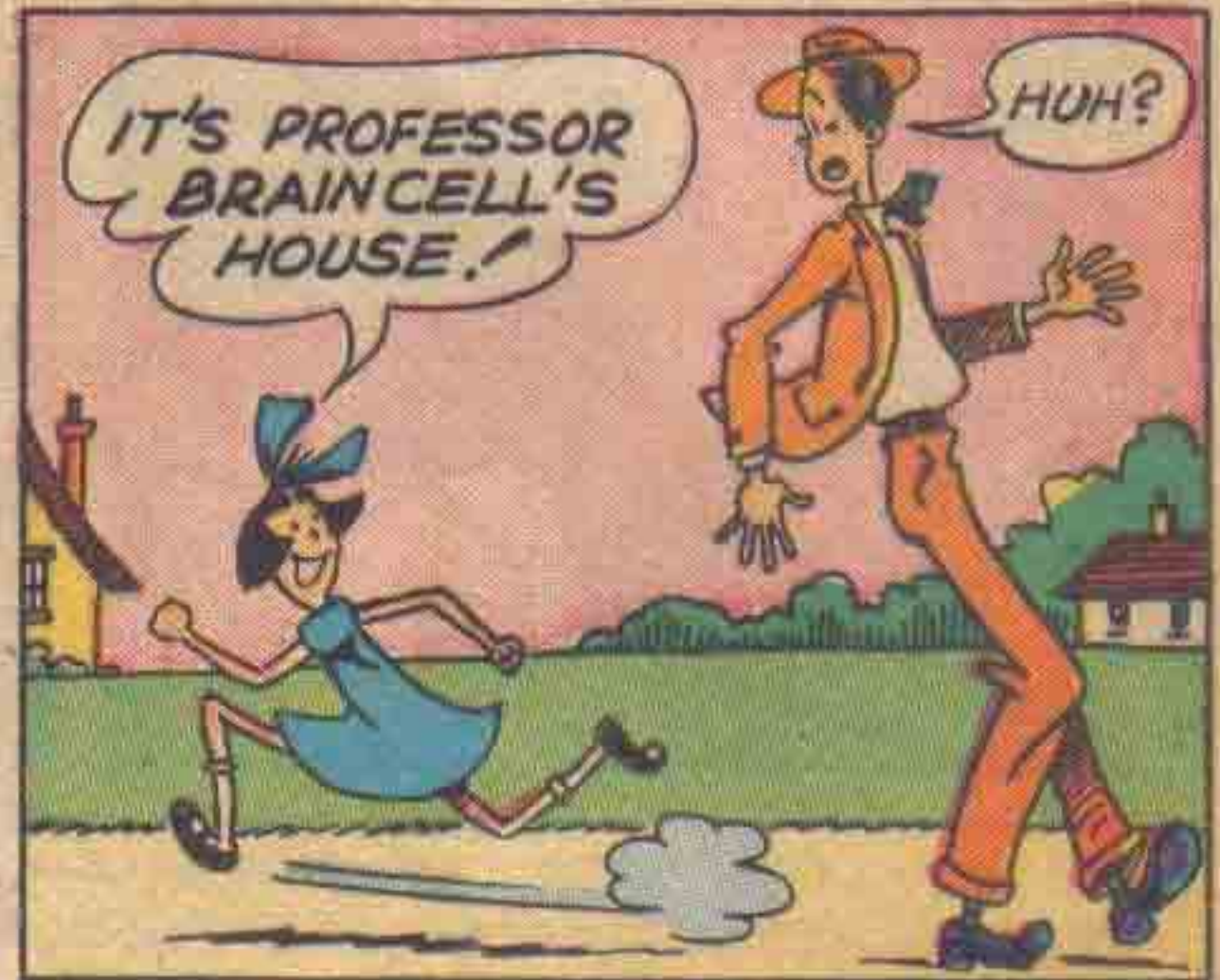
By Lank Leonard



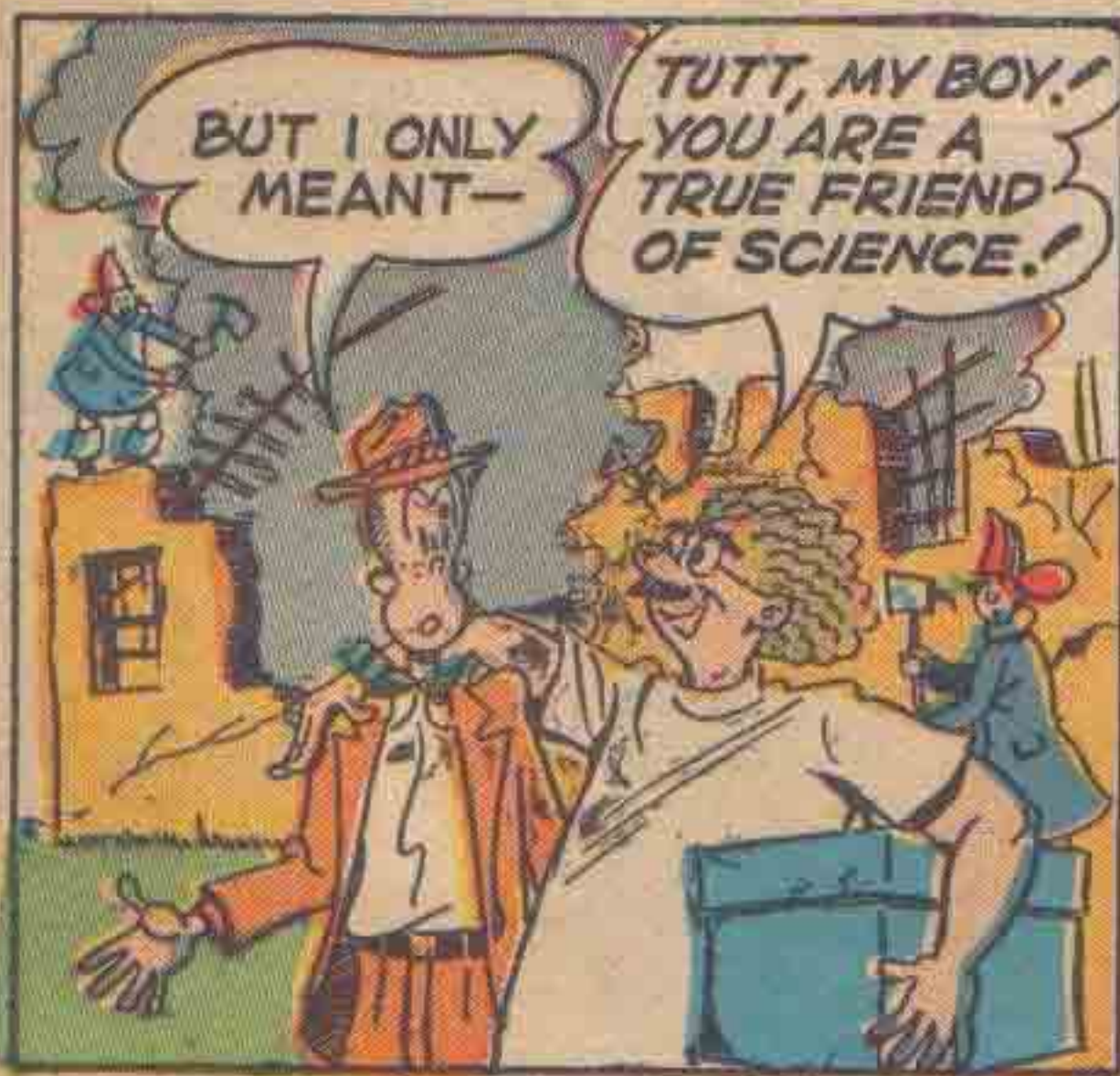
BIG SHOT

BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

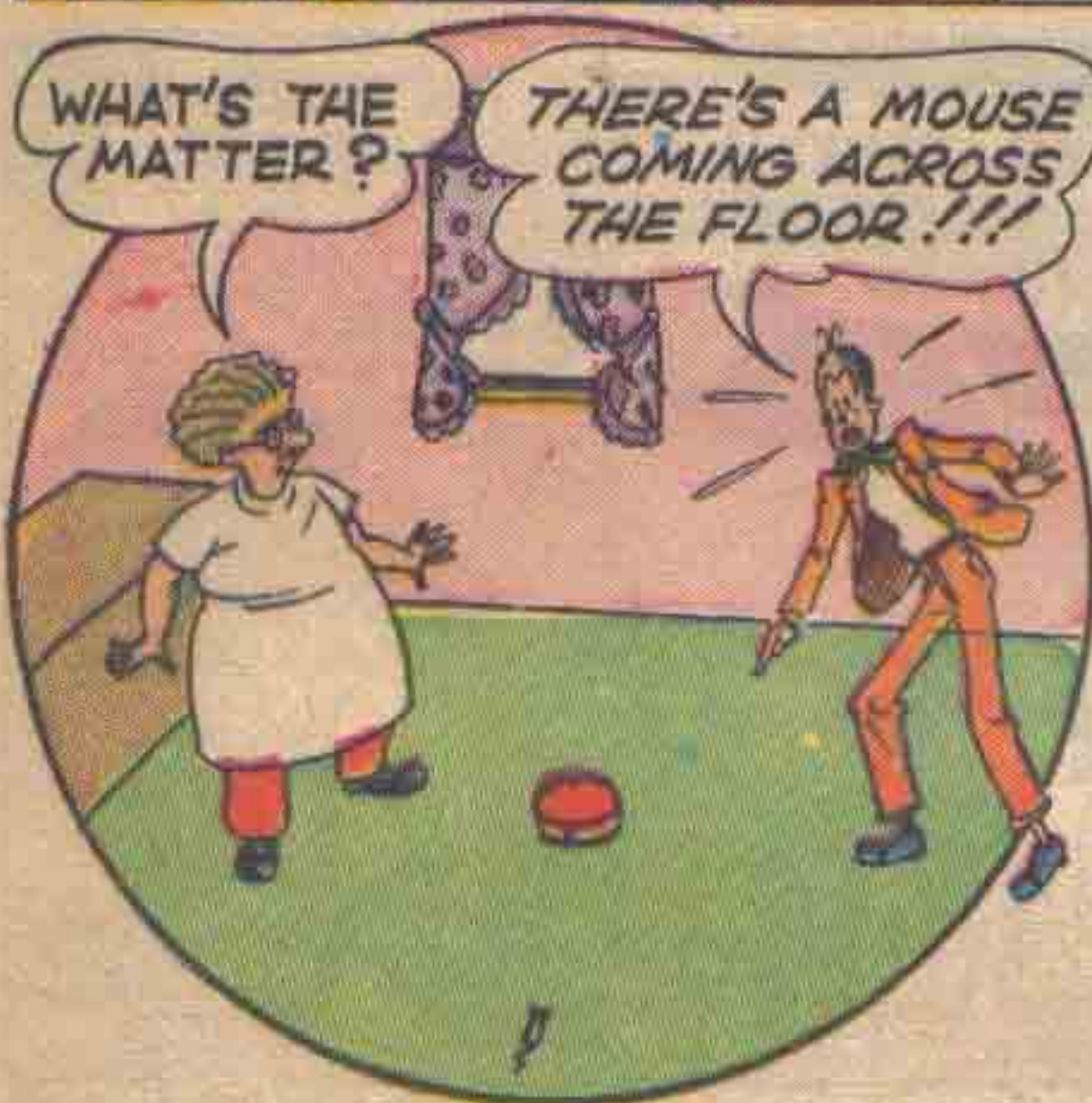


BIG SHOT





BIG SHOT



Mr. Greenwood Tells All

By MART BAILEY

"FORTUNATELY," said Good Old Bumpy, "you didn't shoot our chum Gilholy. But you did give him a scare. He's been under cover ever since."

"Where?"

Good Old Bumpy gave Jack Beerymore a look. "Never mind."

There followed a minute of silence, during which Good Old Bumpy, studying the actor as he finished two charcoal steaks and began working on the roast duck, wondered whether that dejected brow was due to contrition for having shot at a pal—or lamentation over his poor marksmanship. "Tell me more," he said at last.

Jack Beerymore didn't waste time looking up from the first food he had tasted in three days. "Butsy Ratsoff and his gorillas stayed in their armored limousine while I lay in ambush among the hedges and caterpillars," he mumbled. "I knew I wouldn't have long to wait, because Don had telephoned earlier, saying he would leave for the theater in about an hour. Well, you know what happened when Don finally appeared on the stoop. What with poor visibility and all that—" Jack shrugged. "Before I had emptied my automatic Butsy and his mob sped away, and Don Gilholy ran back into his house, slamming the door behind him. Since there was no sense in my hanging around, I ran home—where it occurred to me that I had to get away and change my identity. You see, if I had shot Don, the police would be after me; if I hadn't, then Butsy Ratsoff would be around to see that I did a better job on Don the next time. So I put on the makeup you saw tonight, and, throwing a few armfuls of extra makeup in the trunk for luck, came here."

"As the Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"No. As Greenwood."

"The cemetery?"

Jack Beerymore shuddered. "No wonder the name sounded familiar."

"Well, you can't go around in wigs and false beards for the rest of your natural life."

"That occurred to me, too. I guess you'll have to put me up at your place on the Shore Road for a while."

Good Old Bumpy considered for a long moment. "Do you still intend to keep your bargain with Ratsoff?"

Jack pursed his lips pensively. "Maybe if I could get another shot at Don—"

"Listen," interrupted Good Old Bumpy. "If you want my help, you must promise to drop the whole affair and do as I say. Understand?"

"You mean I can't even plug him through the arm?"

Good Old Bumpy shook his head sternly.

"Not even in the leg—or perhaps some less vital spot, so Ratsoff would get the impression that I meant business?"

"Not even in the leg."

Jack Beerymore frowned, as if to say what were friends for, anyway? "Well—all right," he agreed.

"Then that's settled. You can come home with me. But, remember, I won't be responsible."

"Responsible for what?"

"Don Gilholy's at my place. He hasn't said so, but he may have recognized you that night. He may not take the big, broad view of your taking potshots at him."

"He didn't recognize me," said the Perfect Profile. "The night was too foggy. As I said before, the visibility was terrible."

"Then let's pack."

In response, the actor pulled the trunk out from under the bureau and threw it on the bed. "If Butsy Ratsoff recognized me under the hunchback makeup, I'd better change my dis-

BIG SHOT

guise. Perhaps you'd better glue on a set of whiskers, too."

The invitation was unnecessary. Good Old Bumpy had already opened the trunk and was probing among the jumble of false noses, teeth, toupees, beards, and miscellaneous nicknacks. He selected an ancient Greek helmet which Jack Beerymore had worn as Mercury in a satire that still smarted the executive ears of several telegraph companies.

The helmet was a tight fit, but he managed to squeeze it down over his large head. Abandoning the attempt to pry his ears under the iron rim, he glued a black Gay Nineties moustache under his bumpy nose, and surveyed the effect in the bureau mirror.

Happening to glance down, he spied an oblong box of red tooled leather lying in an open drawer. "Forgetting this?" he asked Jack Beerymore.

The actor whistled, "I was!" He lifted the box from the drawer and snapped back the cover, revealing a coil of crystals scintillating on purple velvet. "It's a diamond necklace," he explained, reverently passing the box to his friend.

Good Old Bumpy started. "You haven't taken up this underworld business professionally?"

"No. . . . The necklace belongs to Beatrice, and I must be very careful of it. The very first night it was in my possession a young thug with a squeaky voice held me up in front of my own house. Fortunately, I had stopped in Genalo's Paradise Grill for a Paradise Fizz and left the necklace behind, wrapped in a candy box. Apollo returned it to me the next day. It's an heirloom, priceless, and all that. The clasp broke the other night while Beatrice and I were dancing, and I offered to have it repaired."

"Beatrice?"

"Yes. Miss Thornrose. She plays the feminine lead in my new play."

"But I thought your fiance—Dolores What's-Her-Name—was playing the lead?"

Pain flitted across the actor's countenance, as if those words had salted a fresh wound. "Please don't mention that name again," said Jack Beerymore. "She isn't my fiancee. Our engagement was broken off the afternoon Beatrice embraced me in the wings during rehearsal. Beatrice only wanted to practice the curtain scene where the beautiful heiress returns the love of the young crook, who turns out to be the kid-

napped child of her father's best friend. Beatrice wanted to be prepared in case anything happened to Dolores and she had to take over the role of the beautiful heiress. A really kind thought, but Dolores couldn't see it that way and resigned from the cast. Imagine, only three days before the opening. Luckily, Beatrice is clever and intelligent, as well as beautiful, and she learned the lines quickly. Everything would have been all right if Ratsoff and his gorillas hadn't come around."

"So you and Dolores have broken off?" mused Good Old Bumpy, performing a minor miracle by lighting a cigarette without singeing the big black moustache. "Too bad!"

"It isn't!" Nervously, the actor cocked his head, listening intently. "Thought I heard somebody outside the door," he explained. "For Pete's sake, don't make me talk so loud."

"Sorry." Lifting the necklace to the light, Good Old Bumpy squinted through the cigarette smoke at the diamonds. "Worth all of ten dollars, eh?" he said.

Jack Beerymore had succeeded in pulling a striped, turtle-neck sweater over his chest. He snorted. "Worth two hundred and fifty thousand, Beatrice says. Though its sentimental value, of course, is much more."

Good Old Bumpy returned the jewel box to the dresser. "Known this Beatrice long?"

"Sure. About a week and a half."

"That long, eh? Say, what are you supposed to be?"

Jack Beerymore grinned behind a bushy set of red whiskers, tilted his blue beret, and, clicking his heels together, executed a few steps of the hornpipe.

"A Lascar sailor," he replied. "Or maybe a Basque woodchopper. I don't know which."

"What would a Basque woodchopper be doing in this neighborhood?"

"Search me! But you'd be more likely to meet one of them than whatever you're supposed to be."

The actor's grin disappeared behind the bushy whiskers. He appeared to be listening for some elusive sound. "Did you hear somebody come up the stairs?" he asked Good Old Bumpy.

"Yes," replied that young man with a cheerful twirl of his Gay Nineties moustache. "Maybe it's Butsy Ratsoff."

SKYMAN

By *Opdyke Whitney*

WELL, THERE SHE IS, UNCLE PETER, THE OLD WING WITH THE NEW LOOK! NOW, WHAT'S THE EXPERT'S OPINION?

THIS SO-CALLED "EXPERT" IS SPEECHLESS, ALLAN! YOU'VE PERFORMED AN ENGINEERING MIRACLE!

RETURNING TO EARTH, FOLLOWING THE VENUSIAN VENTURE, SKYMAN FINDS THE FABULOUS "WING" WRECKED, VICTIM OF THE FURY OF A FREAK STORM.... NOW, AFTER WEEKS OF BACK-BREAKING WORK, SKYMAN, AS ALLAN TURNER, FINALLY UNVEILS THE REMODELED, STREAMLINED SKY SHIP....

THE "MIRACLE" STILL LACKS A FEW MINOR PARTS WHICH I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP IN TOWN! WANT TO DRIVE IN WITH ME?

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL STAY BEHIND AND BROWSE ABOUT THE WING AWHILE!

LOOK AT HIM -- HE'S AS THRILLED AS A TWO YEAR OLD TYKE WITH A NEW TOY!

BIG SHOT

LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN SECTOR OF THE CITY

OOPS! LIGHT CHANGED -- THAT'S ONE ADVANTAGE OF WANDERING ABOUT IN THE WING -- NO RED SIGNALS UP IN THE BLUE YONDER AND NO ---



PEDESTRIANS!
OH-OH---

EEEEEEK!



WOW, SHE REALLY TAGGED HIM! BETTER SEE IF I CAN LEND A HAND!



HE-HE STEPPED OFF THE CURB SUDDENLY! I COULDN'T STOP-I-I--

SAY, SHE'S BEVERLY HILLS, THE COSMETIC HEIRESS! SHE'S SURE INHERITED A MESS OF TROUBLE THIS TIME!



LET ME THROUGH PLEASE -- I'M A PHYSICIAN!

HE'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE, DOCTOR!



AN AMBULANCE ARRIVES AND ...

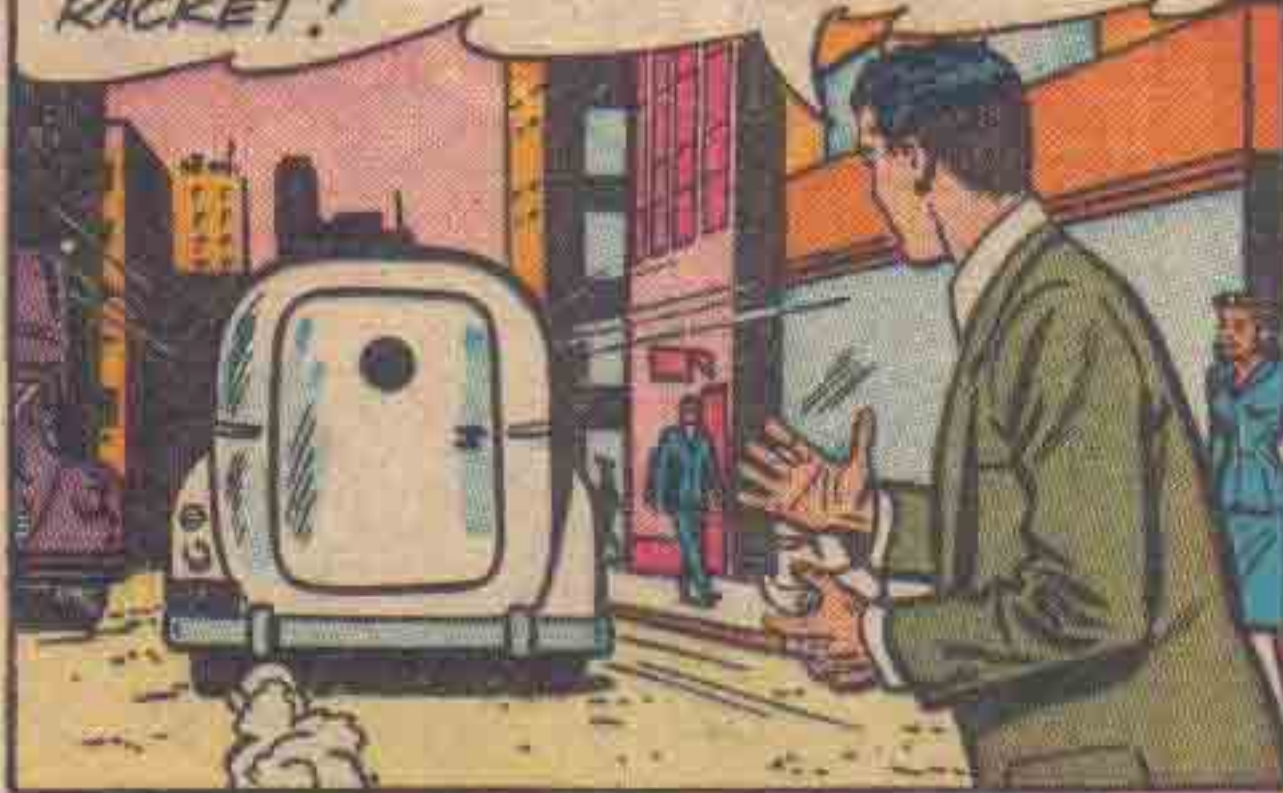
WE'LL RUSH HIM RIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL! THANKS FOR THE HELPING HAND, FRIEND!

HM-M LOOKS LIKE MY HELPING HANDS GOT A BIT BLOODY --- HEL-LO, THIS ISN'T BLOOD!



BIG SHOT

IT'S CATSUP! HM-M, A "VICTIM" WITH TOMATO SAUCE RUNNING THROUGH HIS VEINS AND AN "AMBULANCE" WITHOUT ANY HOSPITAL OR COMPANY INSIGNIA ON IT! THIS BEGINS TO RESEMBLE THE OLD FAKE ACCIDENT RACKET!



W-WAS HE BADLY HURT?

PARDON MY RUSH ROUTINE, MISS HILLS, BUT I'M IN A HURRY TO CATCH THE SECOND ACT OF A VERY VICIOUS PLAY!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WHEN, TAILING THEM THROUGH TRAFFIC WAS QUITE A TASK, BUT THEY'RE TURNING OFF INTO THAT SIDE ROAD NOW! BETTER PROCEED WITH CAUTION!



NICE GOING, EDDIE, YOU WERE TERRIFIC! WE'VE GOT THAT HILLS GIRL RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HER!

LET'S GET INTO TH' HOUSE! TELL MAC TO GET THIS WHITE-WASHED WAGON INTO TH' GARAGE OUT IN BACK!



THE TRUCK'S TUCKED AWAY, DOC! NOW WHAT?

NOW RELAX, MAC -- EDDIE WAS JUST TELLING ME HOW HE HANDLED THAT TRICK TUMBLE!



IT'S A SNAP! YOU ROLL WITH TH' CAR LIKE A FIGHTER ROLLS WITH A PUNCH --- THEN YA JUST HANG ON TO TH' BUMPER UNTIL TH' SUCKER SCREECHES TO A STOP!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS? FIRST, I DROP THE "DOC" DISGUISE AND TAKE ON THE LINGO OF A LAWYER -- COUNSELLOR FOR THE "INJURED VICTIM"!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT.

ALONE, IN THE LOCKED GARAGE, ALLAN STIRS SLOWLY AND ...

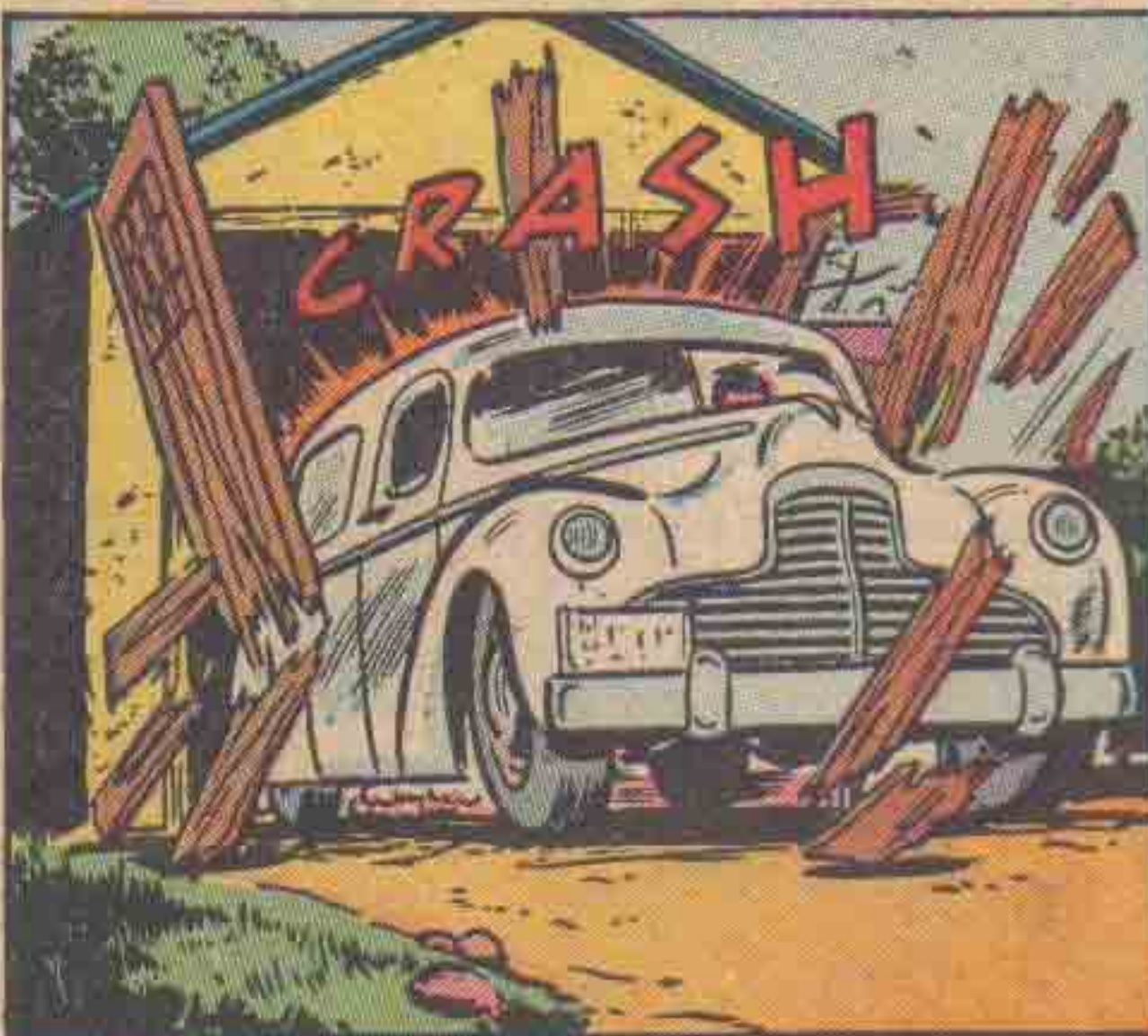
WH - WHEN, THEY REALLY GAVE ME A GOING OVER -- SMELL MONOXIDE FUMES -- MUST BE LOCKED IN THE GARAGE!



NO TIME TO FOOL WITH LOCKED DOORS! I BETTER BUST OUT IN THIS BUGGY FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



CRASH



LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS BORROWED MY CAR TO BOOT! PROBABLY RACING OUT TO THE HILLS ESTATE RIGHT NOW, FOR THE PHONEY FINALE TO THEIR SHAKEDOWN SCHEME!



A HALF HOUR LATER

FORTUNATELY, THE ROAD TO THE HILLS PLACE RUNS RIGHT PAST THE SKYDROME. NOW I CAN BE IN THE WING WHEN THOSE THUGS STAGE THEIR LAST ACT!



MEANWHILE ...

SO THIS IS THE MURDERESS THAT TRIED TO KILL MY "BROTHER," EH!

EASY NOW, "MR. FRANKLIN," WE REALIZE HOW UPSET YOU MUST BE! I'M SURE MISS HILLS WILL BE HAPPY TO SETTLE THIS SCANDAL OUT OF COURT--FOR, AH-- SAY TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



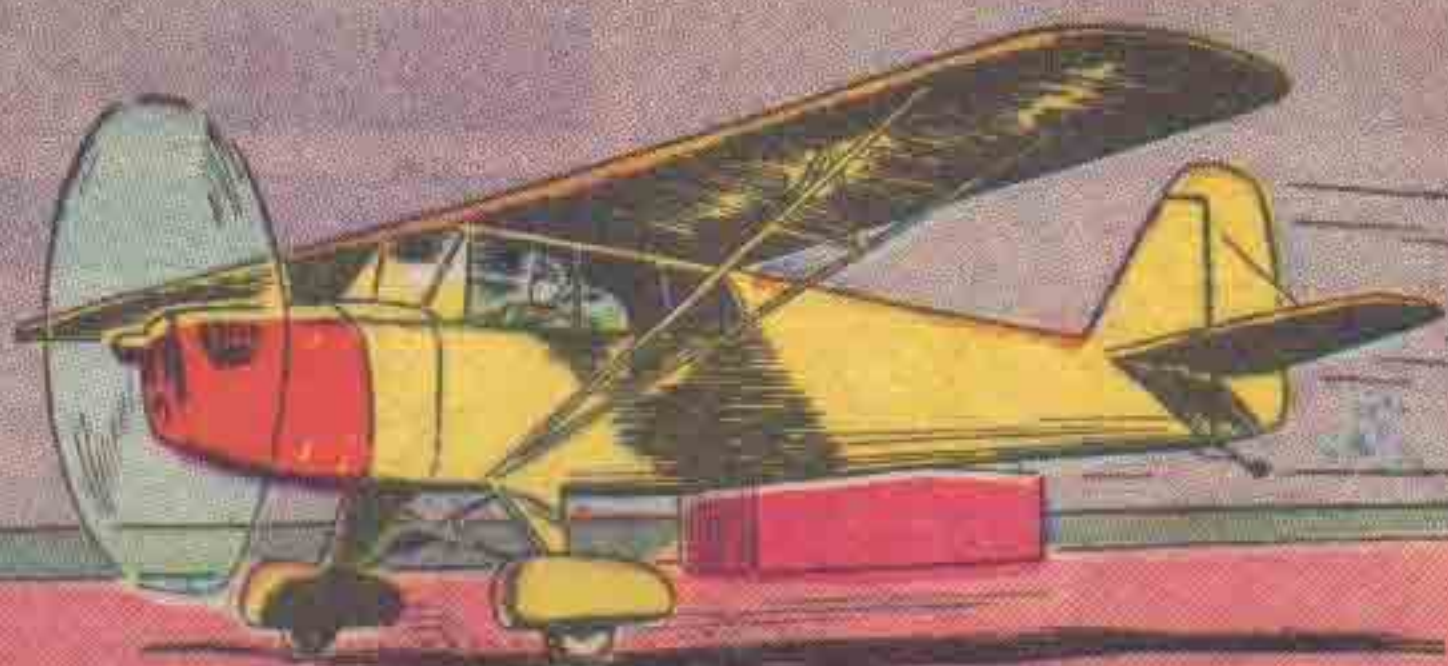
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



LACY'S



WILLYUM,
WAKE UP!



WHAT'S
UP,
TONY?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE
TO KNOW! WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT YOU FLYING OFF
THE ROOF OF LACY'S
DEPARTMENT STORE AT
TWO O'CLOCK TODAY?

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



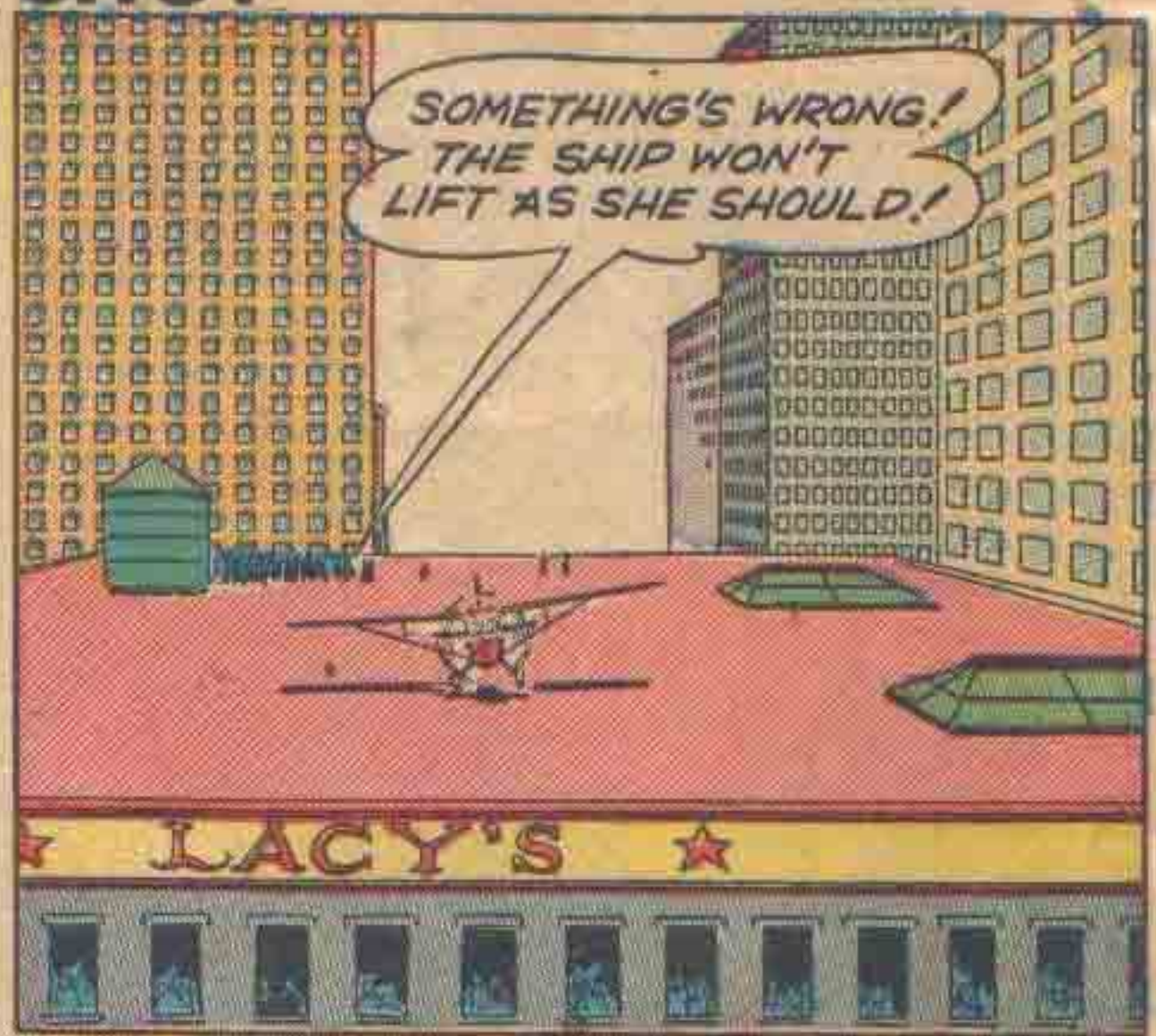
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME



IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE.

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a **NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT**. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. **USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phono combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.



PLAYS BACK AT ONCE

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments—and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on **ANY** phonograph.

SING-PLAY-TALK

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records—Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE

Use your **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** any time and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone—needs no special "recording technique." *No experience necessary*

What is the Recordograph?

The recordograph is an accoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

WHAT DO I GET?

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Accoustic recording head, special

recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



Records for 12 Recordings Included

RECORDOGRAPH CORP. OF AMERICA, Dept. TN185

230 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send entire **RECORD MAKING OUTFIT**, including 6 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$8.49 plus postage.
☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

☐ I enclose \$8.49, send complete outfit postpaid.

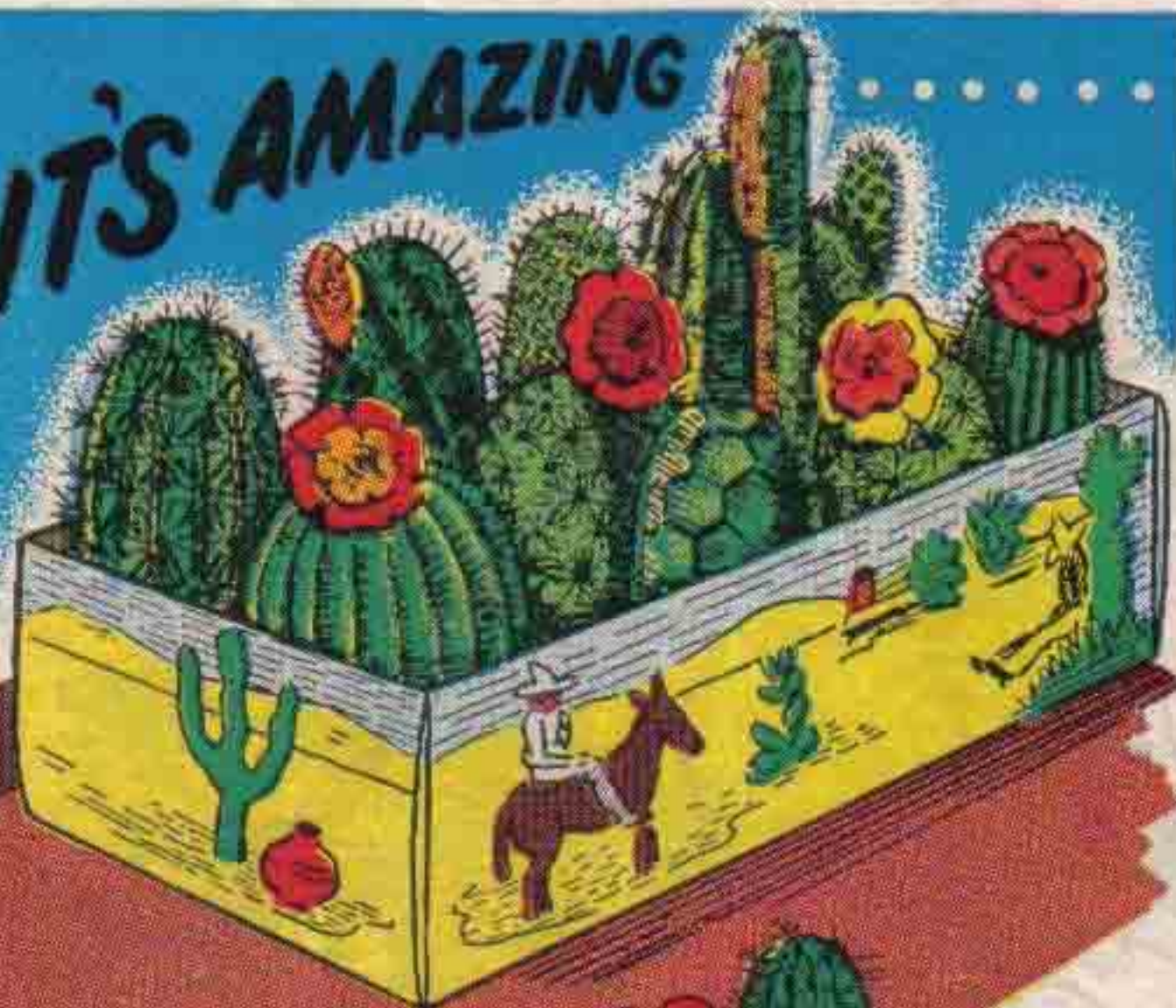
Amazing Low Price
only \$8.49
COMPLETE

SEND NO MONEY!

You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**. Sent C.O.D. for only \$8.49 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for \$8.49 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides,

IT'S AMAZING



COMES IN
VIVIDLY COLORED
WATER-RESISTANT
BOX FOR WINDOW
OR TABLE

ACTUAL SIZE:
9" x 2 3/4" x 2 3/4"

10 Plants
YOURS FOR ONLY
\$1.69

Take advantage of this sensational low price! Order your Cactus Garden today—on Guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back!

SEND NO MONEY
MICHIGAN BULB CO.

Dept. SD 1501, Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

How this Colorful
Blooming

**CACTUS
GARDEN**

Adds Beauty to any room!

Picture this unusual Cactus Garden blooming in your own home... 10 healthy, growing Cactus Plants that require very little care, yet last for years! These plants are of many varieties and should produce beautiful desert blooms such as illustrated. Now, yours complete with a gay 4-color, hand painted Mexican cardboard box (50 cubic inch capacity) to grow them in! No pot needed! Order your Cactus Garden right away at this bargain price of only \$1.69! Send No Money!



RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

Michigan Bulb Company, Dept. SD 1501
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Rush me your amazing Cactus Garden bargain, on guarantee of money back in full if I am not delighted.

- ☐ Send C. O. D. (plus postage)
☐ \$1.69 enclosed. (Michigan Bulb pays postage).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____